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## ADVERTISEMENT.

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MR. HARRISON and Mr. KNYVETT are anxious to convey, in the most respectful terms, their grateful acknowledgments to the NOBILITY and GENTRY, PATRONS of the VOCAL CONCERT; and they take the liberty of adding, that it is their intention to conduct similar Performances on TEN successive THURSDAYS, next season, in which undertaking they hope for a continuance of that distinguished support they have hitherto been honoured with. Such acquisitions will be made to the ORCHESTRA as time and opportunity may offer, and every improvement adopted that can be derived from past experience. For the better accommodation of Joint-Subscribers, TEN TICKETS will be issued, instead of a Single Ticket, as heretofore.

The Managers respectfully announce that they are already honoured with the Patronage of many Distinguished Personages for next year; and that during the remainder of the season, and the ensuing summer, they will be happy to receive the names of such LADIES and GENTLEMEN as intend to continue, or become SUBSCRIBERS TO THE

and Knyvetts  
THURSDAY, April 12, 1872

VOCAL PERFORMERS

MR. HARRISON and MR. KNYVETT  
MR. ANDERSON, MR. BARTLETT  
MR. BROWN, MR. PENNINGTON  
MR. COOK, MR. GIBBS  
MR. GIBBS, MR. HOBBS  
MR. HOBBS, MR. WILSON  
MR. WILSON, MR. BROWN  
MR. BROWN, MR. GIBBS  
MR. GIBBS, MR. HOBBS  
MR. HOBBS, MR. WILSON  
MR. WILSON, MR. BROWN

INSTRUMENTAL PERFORMERS

Mr. R. B. B.	Violoncello
Mr. L. B. B.	Violoncello
Mr. T. B. B.	Violoncello
Mr. D. B. B.	Violoncello
Mr. F. B. B.	Violoncello
Mr. G. B. B.	Violoncello
Mr. H. B. B.	Violoncello
Mr. I. B. B.	Violoncello
Mr. J. B. B.	Violoncello
Mr. K. B. B.	Violoncello
Mr. L. B. B.	Violoncello
Mr. M. B. B.	Violoncello
Mr. N. B. B.	Violoncello
Mr. O. B. B.	Violoncello
Mr. P. B. B.	Violoncello
Mr. Q. B. B.	Violoncello
Mr. R. B. B.	Violoncello
Mr. S. B. B.	Violoncello
Mr. T. B. B.	Violoncello
Mr. U. B. B.	Violoncello
Mr. V. B. B.	Violoncello
Mr. W. B. B.	Violoncello
Mr. X. B. B.	Violoncello
Mr. Y. B. B.	Violoncello
Mr. Z. B. B.	Violoncello

Mr. KNYVETT  
The Knyvetts of the Knyvetts

THE KNYVETTS  
THE KNYVETTS

# WILLIS's ROOMS.

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No. IX.

## Harrison and Knyvett's Vocal Concert.

THURSDAY, April 18, 1793.

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### VOCAL PERFORMERS.

Mr. HARRISON and Mr. KNYVETT,  
Mr. HINDLE, Mr. SALE, Mr. BARTLEMAN,  
Mr. KNYVETT, Jun. Mr. GORE, Mr. RENNOLDSON,  
Mr. BELLAMY, Jun. Mr. PAGE, Mr. COOKE,  
Mr. SALMON, Mr. HOBLER, Mr. GUICHARD,  
Mr. DANBY, Mr. CHRISTIAN, Mr. WEBBE,  
Mrs. DUSSEK, } alternately  
Miss POOLE, }  
Masters KNYVETT, DANBY, SALE, and PRING;  
And Mrs. HARRISON.

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### INSTRUMENTAL PERFORMERS.

VIOLENS.	TENORS.	HORNS.
Mr. Mountain,	Mr. R. Ahley,	Mess. Leander,
Mr. Mahon,	Mr. Lyon, Sen.	OBOES.
Mr. Lavenu,	VOLONCELLOS.	Mr. Foster,
Mr. Pilotti,	Signor Sperati,	Mr. Dickenson,
Mr. Agus,	Monf. Limardine,	BASSOONS.
Mr. Fifin,	DOUBLE BASS.	Mr. Holmes,
Mr. Lyon, jun.	Mr. Boyce.	Mr. Lyon.
Mr. Cantelo.		

And GRAND PIANO FORTE, (the Patent one of Longman and Broderip.)  
Mr. KNYVETT.

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LONDON:

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1793.



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Thursday, April 18, 1793.

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ACT I.

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*OVERTURE and CHORUS, (Acis & Galatea) Handel.*

**O** The pleasures of the plains!  
Happy nymphs, and happy swains;  
Harmless, merry, free and gay,  
Dance and sport the hours away.

For us the zephyr blows,  
For us distills the dew,  
For us unfolds the rose,  
And flowers display their hue:

For us the winters rain,  
For us the summers shine,  
Spring swells for us the grain,  
And autumn bleeds the vine.

*Da Capo.*

**PRIZE GLEE, 1792, for 5 Voices. Callcott.**

(FROM OSSIAN.)

Father of heroes! high dweller of eddying winds,  
Where the dark-red thunder marks the troubled clouds;

Open thou thy stormy halls;

Let the bards of old be near.

We sit at the rock, but there is no voice;

No light but the meteor of fire.

O! from the rock on the hill,

From the top of the windy steep,

O speak, ye ghosts of the dead!

O whither are ye gone to rest?

In what cave of the hill shall we find the departed?

No feeble voice is on the gale;

No answer half-drown'd in the storm!

Father of heroes! the people bend before thee;

Thou turnest the battle in the field of the brave;

Thy terrors pour the blasts of death;

The tempests are before thy face!

But thy dwelling is calm, above the clouds,

The fields of thy rest are pleasant.

**GLEE, 4 Voices. (Air "Tweed-side.")**

Harmonized by Corfe.

**I.**

What beauties does Flora disclose,

How sweet are her smiles upon Tweed;

Yet Mary's still sweeter than those,

Both nature and fancy exceed.

No daisy nor sweet blushing rose,

Nor all the gay flow'rs of the field,

Not TWEED gliding gently through those,

Such beauty and pleasure does yield.

**II.**

'Tis she does the virgins excel,

No beauty with her may compare;

Love's graces all round her do dwell;

She's fairest where thousands are fair.

Say, charmer, where do thy flocks stray,

Oh! tell me, at noon where they feed;

Shall I seek them on sweet winding TAY,

Or the pleasanter banks of the TWEED?

*ROUND, in 3 Parts. Purcell.*

Would you know how we meet o'er our jolly full bowls,  
 As we mingle our liquors we mingle our souls;  
 The sweet melts the sharp, the kind soothes the strong,  
 And nothing but friendship grows all the night long;  
 We drink, laugh, and gratify ev'ry desire,  
 Love only remains our unquenchable fire.

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*NEW BALLAD, Master KNYVETT.*

In the dead of the night, when with labour oppress'd,  
 All mortals enjoy the sweet blessing of rest;  
 A Boy knock'd at my door, I awoke with the noise,  
 Who is it, I said, that my rest thus destroys?

He answer'd so softly, so gently, so mild,  
 I am a poor little unfortunate child,  
 It's a cold rainy night, I am wet to the skin,  
 And I have lost my way, so pray let me in.

In compassion I rose, and striking a light,  
 I open'd the door, when a boy appear'd in sight,  
 He had wings at his shoulders, the rain from them dripp'd,  
 And with a bow and arrow, the boy was equipp'd.

I stir'd up my fire, set him down by my side,  
 And with a warm napkin the wet from him dry'd,  
 I chaf'd him all o'er to keep out the cold air,  
 And with my hand I wrung the wet from his hair.

No sooner from wet and from cold he found ease,  
 When taking up his bow, said, Madam, if you please,  
 If you please I wou'd fain, by experiment know,  
 If the rain has not damag'd the string of my bow.

Then straight from his quiver an arrow he drew,  
 Which aiming at my heart, twang went the yew!  
 My bow is not damag'd, nor yet is my dart,  
 But you will find some trouble in bearing the smart.



GLEE, 5 Voices. *Stevens.*

## I.

Sigh no more Ladies, sigh no more,  
 Men were deceivers ever;  
 One foot in sea, and one on shore,  
 To one thing constant never.  
 Then sigh not so, but let them go,  
 And be you blithe and bonny;  
 Converting all your sounds of woe,  
 To hey nonny nonny.

## II.

Sing no more ditties, sing no more  
 Of dumps so dull and heavy;  
 The frauds of men were ever so,  
 Since summer first was leafy.  
 Then sigh not so, but let them go,  
 And be you blithe and bonny,  
 Converting all your sounds of woe  
 To hey nonny nonny.

NEW GLEE, 4 Voices. *Webbe.*

*(Composed expressly for these Concerts.)*

## TO MIRTH.

Goddeſs of the chearful ſmile,  
 Thou canſt ev'ry care beguile!  
 Still to me thy joys impart,  
 Raiſe the ſpirits, warm the heart.

Fix thine empire in my breaſt,  
 Still an ever welcome gueſt.

Goddeſs of the chearful ſmile.

*Da Capo.*

NEW BALLAD, Mrs. HARRISON. *Shiela.*

## THE BILLET-DOUX.

## I.

The Billet-doux, oh! didst thou bear  
 To my Lorenza, lovely maid?  
 I see how look'd the modest fair,  
 I hear the gentle things she said;  
 The mantling blush her cheek forsakes,  
 But quick returns the rosy hue,  
 With trembling haste the seal she breaks,  
 And reads my tender Billet-doux.

## II.

The Billet-doux when I receive,  
 I press it to my throbbing heart,  
 Sweet words, I cry, such joy you give,  
 O never, never hence depart.  
 And now it to my lips is press'd,  
 But when the magic name I view,  
 Again I clasp it to my breast,  
 My fond my tender Billet-doux.

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 ROUND in 3 Parts. *Webbe.*

To the Old, long life and treasure;  
 To the Young, all health and pleasure;  
     To the Fair, their face  
     With eternal grace,  
 And the Rest to be lov'd at leisure.

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*End of the FIRST ACT.*



## ACT II.

OVERTURE, BACH.*NEW GLEE*, 4 Voices. *Atterbury.**(Composed expressly for these Concerts.)*

**S**MILING Health, O deign to be  
 Our Queen of rural sports and glee:  
 On thy path, the rose-wing'd hours  
 Lightly strew ambrosial flow'rs.  
 See the nymphs and ev'ry swain  
 Mingle in the festive train:  
 Goddess, ever blithe and fair,  
 Ever mild and debonnaire,  
 Stay with us and deign to be  
 Our Queen of rural sports and glee.

*SONG*, Mr. HARRISON. *Rauzzini.**Written by Dr. WOLCOT.*

O CYNTHIA! ev'ry joy was mine,  
 Until thy love was chang'd from me;  
 But now in sorrow I resign  
 Each hope that fondly breath'd of THEE.

Yet, CYNTHIA, though thy smile no more  
 Shall spread a sunshine o'er my breast;  
 One comfort still I hold in store,  
 To think I once with thee was blest;  
 To boast, I once that smile could gain,  
 For which a WORLD had sigh'd in vain!

*A SPARTAN SONG*, from Plutarch,For 3 Voices, and CHORUS. *Dr. Cooke.**(In the characters of**Old Man, Young Man, and Youngest Man.)*

I have been young, though now grown old,  
 Hardy in field, in battle bold.

I am young still, let who dares try,  
 I'll conquer or in combat die.

Whatever ye can do, or tell,  
 I one day did you both excel.

GLEE, 4 Voices. *Webbe.*

Great Apollo! strike the lyre,  
 Fill the raptur'd soul with fire!  
 Let the festive song go round,  
 Let this night with joy be crown'd.  
 Hark! what numbers soft and clear  
 Steal upon the ravish'd ear!  
 Sure no mortal sweeps the strings:  
 Listen!—'tis Apollo sings!  
 Great Apollo! &c.

*Da Capo.*SONG, Miss POOLE. *Broderip.*

Go gentle gales, and bear my sighs away,  
 To Delia's ear the tender notes convey:  
 As some sad turtle his lost love deploras,  
 And with deep murmurs fills the sounding shores;  
 Thus far from Delia to the woods I mourn,  
 Alike unheard, unpity'd, and forlorn.

*Da Capo.*NEW DUET, Mess. HARRISON and KNYVETT. *Danby.**(Composed expressly for these Concerts.)*

Hark away! 'tis the merry-ton'd horn  
 Calls the huntsmen all up in the morn;  
 To the hills and the woodlands they steer,  
 To unharbour the outlying deer:  
 While we follow the hounds, we're so frolic and free,  
 No mortals on earth are so jolly as we.

GLEE, 3 Voices, and CHORUS. *Dyne.*

Fill the bowl with rosy wine,  
 Around our temples roses twine;  
 And let us chearfully awhile  
 Like the wine and roses smile.  
 To day is ours, what do we fear?  
 To day is ours, we have it here;  
 Let's treat it kindly that it may  
 With at least with us to stay:  
 Let's banish care, let's banish sorrow,  
 To the Gods belongs tomorrow.

END OF THE NINTH CONCERT.

*The TENTH and LAST CONCERT of the present Season will  
 be on THURSDAY next, April 25.*

